

R. T. Ballard

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Events of Interest from the Seat of Government.
BY J. E. JONES.

An hour in the Senate.

It was the last hour of the last day of the week, and the Senators were weary with the debate which had for years brought under consideration every phase of the management of our great postoffice system. Senator Cumming was urging an amendment to curtail the one-man power of the Postmaster General, and at the conclusion of his speech an attempt was made to prevent a rollcall for fear it would disclose that a quorum was not present. From somewhere came Reed of Missouri, evidently suffering from a grouch, and he had hardly reached the chamber before he began to talk. There was a snarl in his voice and he intimated that the express companies were using Senators to tie up "parcels post," which nowadays among polite Senators is plain "parcel post." Poinsett of Washington got in a point of order, and in discussing it had a great deal to say about the "Senator from Io-way," with decided accent on the "way." "Uncle Ike" Stephenson of Wisconsin had found a map of the United States and Mexico at the rear of the room, and he was studying the southwest corner in a manner that might lead to the suspicion that he was looking for a white pine forest that would net him another million. Of course he was chewing gum, as he is seldom without his cud. Possibly he was pondering over his vote, a sacred thing with him, since the Senatorial vocabulary of the octogenarian has been limited from the outset to "aye" and "no," and if he ever had a word or thought beyond that it has never been expressed, not even when the Senate was threatening him with the boot.

Meanwhile Reed continued to rant, and Cummins was holding on with both hands to keep himself from jumping over his desk. As Cummins proceeded with his reply, Reed grew redder and redder. It was the second time in two days that the Missourian had been "called," and he followed the Iowa Senator, and made the "amende honorable" in truly distinguished Senatorial style.

Senator Gore, fresh from the tumultuous scenes of an Oklahoma court room, attracted more than the customary attention which is always bestowed upon the "blind Senator." Bankhead of Alabama, in charge of the bill, arose to admit that he "was in the same condition he often found himself, in that he hardly knew what to do." But everybody smiled good-naturedly, and gave their sympathy to the farmer-statesman, whose sentences would have been roundly complete if he had only had a straw in his mouth. Finally there was a rollcall, and in the midst of it Pitchfork Tillman stumbled into the room, tines all bent, twisted

and busted. At the exact moment of his entrance the clerk called his name on the roll; and South Carolina's back-number confusedly asked: "What is it?" "Vote 'no'," responded a Democratic colleague, whereupon Tillman said "no," and the Senate smiled again.

The amendments having been disposed of the struggle was over. Everyone was ready to pass the bill. All in favor of the passage of the bill say "aye," announced the vice President. "Those opposed will say 'no,' the bill is passed." Not a single voice had responded to either request. Silence must still be golden; anyhow "the old rule that 'silence gives consent' was invoked. The postoffice bill appropriating more than \$314,000,000 was finished.

A half dozen Senators sprang to their feet with matters to press. Some one moved to adjourn. The chair put the motion. Plainly enough the adjournment was lost. Vice President Marshall glanced for a moment at the clock, straightened out the kinks in his legs, and looked at the disappearing pages who seemed to have no doubt that Mr. Marshall would stand by their decision to quit. A naughty twinkle sparkled in his eyes, seeming to imply that he wanted his supper; whereupon the Vice President announced: The 'ayes' have it—the Senate is adjourned."

Kiss Your Wife Daily.

Vice President Marshall is an original chap, and talks upon every subject under the sun. He suggests that the best remedy for divorce is for a man to kiss his wife every day, merely as a matter of habit. Within the week it has been published that Mr. Marshall, having been on a train delayed for many hours, was away from his wife for the first time since their marriage eighteen years ago. It may be a delicate suggestion, but the people who have seen the Vice President's beautiful and charming wife can easily understand how it would be a pleasure to carry out Mr. Marshall's practice of avoiding divorce with such an incentive. However, even the Vice President might balk if his case was like that of some of the other distinguished men of the nation—no names, please; this being another case of where correspondent Jones has said enough.

No Time for Political Anemia.

American diplomacy is receiving severe tests and whether it will be suspended in the air as the result of jockeying Mexicans and canal treaties that bind, remains to be seen. However, the difficulties at the White House and the State Department are such that there is no place in the Administration for anyone with political anemia. Colonel Goethals says that the United States government will not be affected by extending universal treatment to the boats of all nations, and he adds that the steamship companies are the only ones vitally

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SCRAP BASKET.

WE SHOULD WORRY—

Like a settee and be sat upon.

IF—

There were no pessimists, the news paper men could have no fun.

The small boy never had to take a bath, there would be more joy in the world—for small boys

A woman calls another woman, a "cat," the other woman has sometime somewhere, out shown the first woman.

The label on your paper shows any other date than one in 1914, it is a sure sign you are forgetful.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It takes more than wind to make a band.

Reforms, like charity, should begin at home.

A school m'am in Philadelphia says two words are enough for any spelling lesson. If children could vote, that woman could be elected President of the United States.

It is said motion picture shows are to be introduced on ocean liners. Sometime, perhaps, the owners of steamships will get around to providing an ample number of life boats.

At the present rate of increases, a prominent physician says that there will be no babies after 1925. Can you imagine a world without babies? Why, all the manufacturers of toys and baby things would have to go out of business or equip their plants for the manufacture of dog collars.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

A Missouri woman advertised for a husband. She got one at the cost of \$9. He afterwards enlisted and was killed at Manila. She got 3,000 life insurance and she will get a widow's pension as long as she lives. Yet some people think it doesn't pay to advertise.—Ex.

OUR WEEKLY POST CARD.

Well, I've arrived, but haven't yet

Bought the Masonic Temple; I'm spending money other ways—

A face, a skirt, a dimple.

Explanation:—The above card was received this week by a local man from another local man, who is on a "business trip" to Chicago. The fact that he renewed his subscription just before going on his business trip is all that prevents a scandal.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Among the late skirts are those cut with yokes.

Hats of corduroy are fashionable for young girls.

Women are returning to the fluff lingerie for a time discarded for the straight clinging garments.

BROTHER TOM'S WIFE

By BELLE MANIATES.

My brother Tom has a most beautiful country place, a charming little wife, and my young nephew, Edgar. I simply adore; yet for one reason, and one reason only, I am averse to visiting them. My sister-in-law has a match-making mania, and she is disconsolate over the fact that, in spite of her strenuous efforts and house parties in my behalf, I am still "unspoken for."



She makes her motive so very apparent to the luckless victim and to the onlookers, that from very shame I must needs be coldly aloof, and discourage any attentions.

But today when I read her letter urging me to come to Homewild for

With the new supple taffets, it is possible to make a frilly frock and still retain a slim silhouette.

Oatmeal put to soak in water the night before only requires about one-half the time to cook.

Stockings should not be washed in the same water, which has been used in washing white clothes, as they are apt in that case to become covered with lint.

The woman of limited income would be wise to adopt one color for her wardrobe, with variations of tone and treatment.

THE ENDLESS CHAIN

Merchants who advertise only by circulars that do not bear the imprint of the home paper, are aiding very materially in driving trade of all kinds away from home, their own included. If home merchants set the example of going away from home to spend their money, many other people will thereby be encouraged to do the same. For every home dollar that is sent out of town for printing, at least ten other dollars are by that method induced to be sent out of town for goods that could be bought to just as good advantage at home.—Ex.

AN OLD ONE, BUT STILL GOOD.

An Oklahoma girl played a mean trick on her mother the other day. By accident she found an old love letter that her father had written her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship. She read the letter to her mother substituting her name and the name of a boy who tags around after her. The mother raved with anger and disgust and forbade the girl to have anything to do with a young simpleton who had no more sense than to write such gush to a girl. The daughter then handed her mother the letter to look over and the house suddenly became so quiet that one could hear the grass growing in the front yard.—Ex.

the month of August, I mythologized, for there was the inevitable postscript: "Oh, Allene, Tom has invited the dearest man in the world—next to himself—to spend the month 'ith us! We met him when we went east last winter, although Tom used to know him long ago in college. He's just your sort of a man."

My sort of a man, indeed; I don't know, myself, what sort that may be. I sat down in a white heat of anger, and laid bare my pent-up feelings to Nan.

I received in reply such a dear little note from Nan. She was so sorry, and she would not match-make any more. She and Tom had reconciled themselves to the idea that I was heart-whole and fancy-free, and would probably remain so, so I telegraphed that I would start tonight.

When I reached the little station near Homewild, my heart failed me at beholding, in waiting with Nan and Edgar, a man, big and brown. He was introduced to me in a careless way by Nan as Mr. Saltern. I was reassured when she bade Edgar occupy the front seat of the touring car with him, and she and I took the back seat.

"Who is he?" I asked, in a forbidding way.

"Only Edgar's tutor," she replied. "The lad got so behind in his studies last year when he went with us, that Tom engaged this man to coach him."

We had a lovely evening. There was a soft misty rain—what Edgar called a "drizzle-drazle," and we all spent the evening within. Mr. Saltern seems to be quite en famille. He is such a strapping, manly fellow, I shouldn't think tutoring would be his line.

I never had such a delightful week at Homewild. Such a quiet, restful time. I am studying Spanish with Mr. Saltern and Edgar. We three go on excursions together. Edgar explores the woods and the river while his tutor and I sit on a fallen log and he reads Spanish.

Tomorrow is my last day at Homewild in peace and comfort, for Nan has invited some people down. I shall continue to devote most of my time to Spanish. However, as I am making such progress, and enjoy the study so much, but it won't be quite the same with curious people about. We are going for our last row on the river tonight.

We went far up the river last night, and drifted back. He didn't have to row. The light from a moon of pale orange shone deep down in the river, and somewhere off in the wooded shores, a man's rich tenor voice was ringing forth, the notes falling with eurythmic cadence. We were talking seriously about life, and the end of my visit, and then, I don't remember how he told me, but the orange moon, the lights in the river, the soft lapping of the water against the boat, the distant song and what he whispered to me were all blended into one beautiful whole.

After awhile he talked seriously again, this time about himself and his—I mean our—prospects. It seems he has a big business, but it has come to a standstill pending the issue of a lawsuit, and in the meantime he is tutoring Edgar. In the fall he will be in position to go on with his business, and at Christmas I am going to his home with him.

I told Nan this morning while he had gone to the station with Tom to bring back the guests. To my surprise she was greatly pleased. Then she looked a little frightened.

"Oh, Allene, I don't know how to tell you, but he isn't Mr. Saltern. He isn't Edgar's tutor—don't look so stern, dear, but he is—"

"Jim Wilde, Tom's friend," I replied, calmly.

"Oh, Allene, how did you know? He told me he hadn't confessed yet."

"Tell me first why he is here incognito."

"He was here when your awful letter came, and I didn't know what to do. I read it to Tom, and he just roared, and handed it to Jim, and they fixed up this scheme. It wasn't my plan. I felt giddy, but you were having such a good time, I couldn't spoil it."

And so, after all, I had a match made for me by my sister-in-law. (Copyright, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

Could See No Good in It.

"Every time I take out a new insurance policy my wife gets angry. I should think she would feel just the other way about it."

"No; she's one of those people who believe that it will never rain as long as they carry umbrellas."